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piety. Mr. Boughton's "Swinging" (537), a group of Breton peasant children at play in an orchard, though it makes no pretension to the pathos of his "Wayside Devotion," or to any particular expression or story, has the charm of a simple subject simply painted, which seems beyond the reach of most of our English painters of common life.

London Observer.

"Wayside Devotion—Brittany," No. 107—a girl kneeling at a cross—is a good example of Mr. Boughton's simple, crisp manner; it is one of those unaffected works that carries with it in its simplicity a conviction of its truth.

BIERSTADT'S "ROCKY MOUNTAINS" is also winning high praise from the art critics. Besides the notices already published in the *Post*, we find these from the *Observer* and *Athenæum*;

"A magnificent picture, and one which merits a place among the grandest works of modern art, is now on view in Mr. McLean's gallery, No. 7 Haymarket. The subject is the 'Rocky Mountains,' the artist M. Bierstadt. As a worthy specimen of the works of American artists the picture possesses an amount of interest which cannot fail to attract many artists and patrons of the fine arts to the exhibition. The picture discloses a scene of grandeur which might well tempt the adventurous traveler to risk the hardship of the journey in order that he might look upon it for himself. Peak on peak of the vast range raises its snowy head into the soft cloudless sky; some are dazzling with the whiteness of the snow patches on them others; gleam with the sunlight that converts their bleak and barren sides into fields of burnished gold; the rugged slopes and yawning precipices throw dark masses of shade that contrast gloriously with the brighter surfaces, and add solidity and grandeur to the picture. The effect of distance and the blending of the mountains with the atmosphere are portrayed with striking result. Lower down the mountain sides are torn into cliffs and gorges through which the waters of cascades leap in snowy foam, and form into a pool, the transparent waters of which reflect the scenery on the margin of its grassy banks. Marvelous effects of light and shade are produced in connection with the treatment of this part of the picture. In the foreground of the work there is an amount of detail which, for careful elaboration and artistic grouping, are worthy of a cabinet picture. A native encampment is represented on the verdant lawn at the foot of the giant mountains, lighted by the glancing sunbeams which pour down upon this sheltered grassy dell, and bring into fine relief the giant trees, whose foliage give a charm and character to this portion of the picture. A number of Indians just returned from the chase is represented; the slain deer and the spoils of their hunting lie upon the ground; some are cooking their venison, some stroll idly upon the sward or recline in the rude and dark-looking wigwam; the horses, relieved of their trappings, graze peacefully after their labors; the boys of the tribe are playing with the dogs or training their young ideas to shoot with the bow and arrow. The whole is a group which, whether regarded for its truthfulness, its force of expression, or scenic effects and artistic combination of color, or as an historic portraiture of Indian habits and life, is in itself a magnificent picture; but, combined with the noble range of mountains in the back-ground, it constitutes one of the most remarkable works of art of modern times. The scene of the picture is the State of Nebraska at the head waters of the Colorado river, and about 700 miles north-east of San Francisco."

"At Messrs. Maclean's Gallery, Haymarket, may be seen a capital landscape, the work of Mr. Bierstadt, representing a magnificent view in the Rocky mountains, their topmost peaks covered with snow, a long glacier winding

through the higher valleys, the successive belts of vegetation and rock, denuded, half overgrown and verdurous; the broken land on the flanks of the range; the minor peaks that are thrust aside; water falling through many chasms, and in a bright cataract, to the land where it spreads, first, a lake, and then a river, hurrying through the meadows at our feet; in these meadows is an encampment of travelers and Indians. We have seldom seen so striking a picture as this; in its class it is unsurpassed, to our knowledge, although Mr. Church's 'Heart of the Andes' was equal to it in execution."

Mr. Mignot's picture of "The Equator" in present exhibition of Royal Academy is well spoken of—as is also Mr. Healy's portrait of Gen. W. T. Sherman which is also there.

SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

The Opera Comique has begun to make preparations to bring out a three act work, by Mons. Ambroise Thomas, and on which he has labored for several years, and which he expects to increase his reputation sensibly. The book is drawn from "Wilhelm Meister." It has been distributed thus: Mignon, Mme. Galli Marie; Philine, Mme. Marie Cabal; Wilhelm Meister, Mons. Leon Achard; Laerte, Mons. Couderic; Lothario, Mons. Bataille. Mons. Febvre has been engaged by the French Comedy. He has asked to be allowed to make his debut as Don Juan, in Casimir Delavigne's "Don Juan d'Aurtriche." The play will, henceforward, be reduced to four acts. The French Comedy has long asked Casimir Delavigne's widow to consent to this curtailment, which experience suggested. She positively refused. She is now dead and the poet's brother, Mons. Germain Delavigne, himself no ordinary dramatist, has consented to the reduction.

A young Bordeaux actor of great merit has been engaged by the French Comedy, and will soon make his appearance in Mons. Octave Feuillet's play "Peril en la Demeure."

Mme. Ristori is playing at Brussels. She expects to leave for America the last week of September.

The Paris papers give daily bulletins of the health of Rossini's favorite—dog!

Mons. Got has organized a company of players to perform "La Contagion" in the provinces.

Mons. Nestor Roqueplan has made a violent attack on the Grand Opera. He says Giselle is a worn-out ballet; Mlle. Granzow has talents but produces no effect; the ballet is badly brought out; the opera is stupidly managed; new ballets are wanted, and subscribers are the main stay of the opera. He is the only man in Paris who holds this opinion.

The Baroness Vigier (so famous as Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli) is to sing in Paris at a charitable concert. It is said by her friends, her voice was never more beautiful, more powerful, supple and of greater range than it is now.

Mons. Gounod has been elected a member of the Academy of Fine Arts, in the place of the late Mons. Clapisson. There were thirty-six voters; Mons. Gounod received 19, Mons. Feliçier David 16, and Mons. Victor Massé 1 vote.

Mons. Charles Gounod was born in 1818; he studied music with Riecha, Lesueur and Halévy; in 1839 he obtained the grand prize of musical composition, and went to Rome, where he remained four years; during his residence there, he thought seriously of taking holy orders; he returned to Paris in 1843, and was made chapel master of the Church of Foreign Missions; in 1849 he wrote a mass, which was executed at St. Eustache Church, and attracted great attention; it was indeed the commencement of his fortunes as a composer. Mme. Pauline Viardot opened the Grand Opera to him; here he brought out his "Sopho" in 1850,

and "La Nonne Sarglatte" in 1854; both operas increased his reputation in the musical world, but they failed to please the general public. The author fell into such a fit of despondency it was necessary in 1855 to treat him for insanity. Time and quiet restored him to health, and success came with "Le Medion," *malgré lui* in 1858, and "Faust" in 1859.

The "lake" in Giselle at the Paris Grand Opera is made of mirrors and weighs 8000 pounds. Water lilies are figured by sheet iron cut into the proper form and painted—the imitation is perfect.

Last autumn a well known pianist made his appearance at one of the Mayor's offices of Paris, accompanied by a charming bride, four witnesses, and a troop of friends. When the clerk came to record the names and titles of the witnesses, the most important among them gave his name as "Giacomo Rossini, member of the Institute of France, and Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor." The clerk held out the paper for Rossini to sign, but Madame Rossini sprang on her feet and gave her husband a swan's pen, with which he wrote *Comme je m'en va* Giacchino Rossini, (here he wrote four sharps) The record completed, the clerk of the Mayor tried to get possession of the Maestro's pen, but Mme. Rossini took it, put it in its case, and replaced it in her pocket. Rossini commonly accompanies his signature with the notes do, mi, sol, which means "perfect agreement." The four sharps are another rebus which he very rarely uses, and only when he wants to work. The four sharps of the gamut of mi natural, are placed on the notes fa, do, sol, re, whose initial letters are those of these four words: *Patigue de se reposer*.

Every body knows the late Mons. Fiorentino, the well known Paris musical critic, levied black-mail on every body connected with the theatres of that capital. French scholars know black mail is called *chanter*, to sing. When Mlle. Alboni appeared in Paris, Fiorentino attacked her, for she refused to pay him one cent. After her marriage her husband, Count Pepoli (who is unfortunately now a lunatic,) went to Fiorentino and agreed to pay a certain sum monthly, to abstain from attacking his wife. One month he forgot to pay the instalment due, and Fiorentino called at Count Pepoli's to dun him for it. Count Pepoli was out. Mlle. Alboni received him. Her husband had kept her in ignorance of this dirty business; he knew she never would have consented to allow him so to sully himself. As soon as Fiorentino gave her an inkling of his business, she rose, showed him the door and said: "Know, sir, I sing only on the stage; in private life, 'tis my husband who sings." GAMMA.

THE FAMOUS SONGSTRESSES.

What a magic is there in applause! Let any man or woman once drink its music, he cannot for a long period of time deny himself the intoxicating draught. No wonder. It confirms the whispers of vanity: 'It is praise without suspicion of flattery, for it is not only disinterested praise, but it is such ardent praise it even pays money for the privilege of expressing its commendations. And then it gives the soul assurance of the possession of so much power; "the blood more stirs to rouse a lion than to start a hare;" to play a cathedral organ than to strum a guitar; to rouse an audience, (mighty organ of men, greater in variety and compass than ever trembled cathedral to its foundation!) to delight, to fill it with admiration, to dissolve it into tears. No wonder that Meyerbeer refused to allow "L'Africaine" to remain so long unplayed. He wrote Selica's part expressly for Mlle. Cruvelli; he had measured her voice and hit it exactly. Although she married and quitted the stage and turned her back on Paris, (is not the Mediterranean still more interesting

than the French capital?) he did not despair of seeing her trample on her husband's veto, quit the Mediterranean, and return to the footlights. The magic mirror hung on the same hazel tree in the old enchanted grove—he was sure she would return to question it. Does Baronness Vigier, possess Sophie Cruvelli's talents? Meyerbeer died without seeing the magic mirror visited. To be sure he heard occasionally a rumor in the south which made him think she was coming. He was only half mistaken. She sat out indeed; but she contented herself with a magic looking-glass. True it reflected only her face, while the mirror would have reflected all herself. She would give a concert for the poor of Nice every winter, which added \$4,000 to their money chest, and hear the applause which gave warranty the Baronness Vigier possessed all of Sophie Cruvelli's talents. This week she came to Paris and sang at Salle Herz. How delighted Meyerbeer would have been were he still alive! He would have paced the distance between Salle Herz and the Grand Opera after midnight, muttering as he went some Hebrew abracadabra to enchant the artist's feet and make them to take the path to the Grand Opera. The poor led her on to the Salle Herz, their rags were the carpet on which she tread. You may easily believe there were a great many more demands for tickets than they were tickets sold. The Rue de la Victoire (in which Salle Herz is situated) was literally choked with carriages, and there was scarcely one among them without its coat of arms. It had been ten years since Mlle. Cruvelli appeared for the last time before a Parisian audience. She sang "La Mer" by Levy, and the inflammatory of Rossini's "Stabat" and the "Miserere" of Verdi's "Trovatore"; she singing the parts of Leonor and Manrique. She produced the greatest effect in the "Miserere." She did not sing it better than the other pieces, but the audience, who had never heard anybody sing the two first pieces, were familiar with the execution of the latter by the most famous voices of the Italian Opera. They had a standard of comparison which enabled them to see how greatly Mme. Vigier excelled all other songstresses. Although she is now forty-two years old (she was born at Bielefeld, Prussia, the 29th August, 1824,) her beauty has scarcely lost any particle of charm. It has rather bloomed into too full a flower for Parisian aristocratic tastes, where thinness is most in fashion. The Empress, the Princess de Metternich, the Marquis de Gallifet, the Duchess de Morny are all thin. Baronness Vigier is becoming corpulent, which she owes to her winterless existence fanned by sea air. You know she lives at Nice. Her husband (who is master of \$20,000 a year) has built a magnificent Venetian Palace on the sea shore. It contains a small theatre where Mme. Vigier and her friends play. It is said she is very fond of cards, and does not bear her losses with equanimity. Indeed, her hand has such a reputation for quickness she finds it no easy matter to obtain ladies who are willing to play with her. Last winter Mons. G. de C——, (one of the most aristocratic residents of Nice,) gave a ball to which Mme. Vigier was of course invited. She took her seat at a card table. In the course of the evening a dispute arose between her and Mlle. de F—— (a marquis's daughter,) about some point in the game. Mme. Vigier raised her hand to give Mlle. de F—— a hearty slap. Mons. de C—— saw Mme. Vigier's hand getting restless and he went near to catch it if it went mad. He did so and prevented a great scandal in his house. The game, however, in which Mme. Vigier was engaged was at once broken up, and Mlle. de F—— and her family have discontinued their acquaintance with Mme. Vigier. Cards are not her only passion; she is very fond of the kitchen. She delights to peel onions (she is very fond of the vegetable, and as her husband shares this taste—well, there is no harm done!) to mince herbs, to make omelettes, to

hear butter cracking in the pan, and serve up nice dishes. A jewel of a wife, as you see, for if her right hand has quicksilver in it, (and what child of Eve was perfect?) her left has bisque—so there is compensation. It is said that Mlle. Patti is never so happy as when she is cooking macaroni, which Rossini has taught her to bring to Neapolitan perfection. Mme. Gueymard delights in cooking omelettes and sausages. Mme. Doche's kitchen (it is true she is not a songstress but an actress) is famous here, as cleaner and brighter than any kitchen in Holland, and she is all day long in it. Here is a letter which Carlotti Grisi (the airy danseuse and bewitching woman) has just written Mons. Jules Janin from her sequestered Swiss cottage: "Friend if you would ever see an admirable herd of beautiful Swiss cows, give the preference to the Swiss girl, Carlotti Grisi! Of all the poems I have danced, of all my dreams, nothing remains but a herd grazing the grass of my meadow, and giving me in exchange a tub of milk every evening. I have the good part, believe me, I press real grass with those light feet which never touched earth, so the fibers of the *feuilleton* said. I do touch earth, and I go with my feet in wooden clogs to contemplate this rustic opulence without knowing what satiety is. Adieu, excellent man, love me always." One more anecdote to show Mme. Vigier's vivacity. She was playing at the Carlo Felice Theatre. She was not then the famous artist who had commanded the applause of London and Paris. The play was "Cenerentola." Mlle. Sophie Cruvelli had a sister, Mlle. Marie Cruvelli, who was likewise a songstress, and she invariably made her sister's engagement the concurrent condition of her own engagement. Her sister was an artist whose talents were not above mediocrity. Her sister sang with her in "Cenerentola." Mlle. Marie Cruvelli was hissed. Furious at this treatment of her sister, Mlle. Sophie turned round to the audience, put her thumb on her nose and twirled her hand (her hand gets her into as much trouble as other women's tongues! it is evidently her unruly member) at the audience. As the audience at the Genoa theatres are said to be the most irritable audience in Europe, you may conceive the storm raised. The manager and actors implored her to present excuses to the public. She refused. The performance ended in disorder. The next day some of the auditors summoned her before the Police Court for insulting the audience, (this course is not unusual in Italy,) and she was sentenced to appear before the public between two gendarmes! There was no help for it, go on the stage and make excuses she must. However, two officers were allowed to escort her instead of the gendarmes of the Police Court. The audience proved good-natured. The moment she appeared and advanced towards the footlights, applause commenced and was so loud it clearly signified the audience refused to allow her to make excuses. Her husband, I may add by way of conclusion, is very much afraid of her returning to the stage. He allows her to sing no where but at her own house, where he entertains a great deal. It is said her favorite song is the bolero of the Vepres Siciliennes, which you may remember Verdi wrote expressly for her. In singing the song she pours forth all her voice, and heart and soul.

GAMMA.

Sir Isaac Newton's house, here, has been taken by the Metropolitan Railway Company. It is in Vicarage Place, Kensington. Sir Isaac Newton died on the 18th of March, 1727, aged 85. The owner had carried on a school called Newton's House, and his claim for it was between £4000 and £5000. The jury gave a verdict for £2110. The same railway company took Milton's house at Cripplegate, and now hold Newton's house at Kensington.

TOO CLUMSY FOR ANYTHING BUT MUSIC.

An old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written towards the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read anything; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbors' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burnt his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavored to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through,—a voice I hear now as I write these lines,—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"